

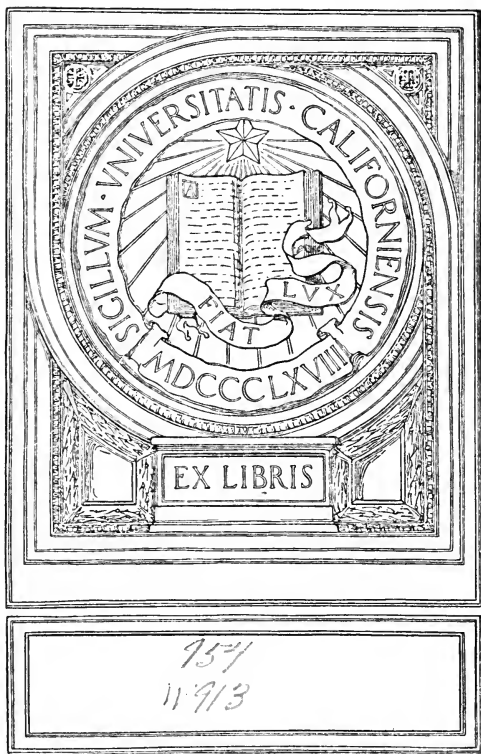
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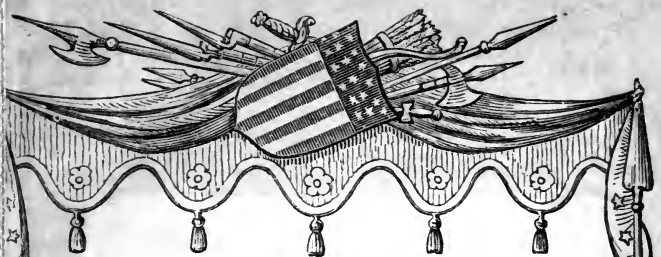
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LOVE IN LIVERY.

AN ORIGINAL FARCE

IN ONE ACT.

BY

J. P. WOOLER, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF

"Allow me to Apologise,"—"Founded on Facts,"—Etc.

WITH ORIGINAL CASTS, COSTUMES, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE
BUSINESS, CORRECTLY MARKED AND ARRANGED, BY
MR. J. B. WRIGHT, ASSISTANT MANAGER
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BOSTON:

WILLIAM V. SPENCER,

128 WASHINGTON STREET, CORNER OF WATER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ORIGINAL CAST.

	<i>Princess', London,</i> 1845.	<i>Arch st., Philad.</i> 1855.	<i>Troy Museum.</i> 1855.
Lord Sparkle.....	Mr. W. Lacy.	Mr. Dolman.	Mr. Wayne Olwine.
Frank Howard.....	Mr. A. Harris.	Mr. Myers.	Mr. Waller.
Paul Patent.....	Mr. Compton.	Mr. J. S. Clark.	Mr. James Biddles.
Thomas.....	Mr. T. Hill	Mr. Caterson.	Mr. English.
Violet.....	Miss Stanley.	Mrs. Drew.	Miss Julia Daly.
Louise.....	Miss L. Honnor.	Mrs. Landon.	Miss Ross.
Mary.....	Miss Somers.	Mrs. Wilks.	Miss Gardiner.
Susan.....	Miss Mott.	Mrs. Baker.	Miss Morris.

SCENE—Switzerland. Time in representation, 45 minutes.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre; F., the Flat; C. D. F., Centre Door in Flat; R. D. F., Right Door in Flat; L. D. F., Left Door in Flat; R. H. D., Right Hand Door, First Entrance; L. H. D., Left Hand Door, First Entrance S. E., (or 2 E.,) Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

. The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage, facing the audience.

MEMOIR OF MR. J. S. CLARK.

It has been said, and indeed it is generally conceded, that *acting* is the only profession for which no previous initiation is required. None are educated for players; chance or caprice makes actors, and aptness, quick perception, and study secure their success. For the reasons assigned, a well-known writer has said that a player has never been in good odour with the merely *calculating* part of mankind; and, unhappily, his own irregularities too often prove a bar to his favorable reception with the *enlightened* and *liberal*. Many of the theatrical profession are wholly *illiterate*—a defect that, when they have dropped the cap and mask, renders them intolerable. The applause bestowed upon such Thespians, by the injudicious and “barren spectator,” engenders a silly vanity that almost leads them to expect the like favor when left to the resources of their own wit. But what is awarded to the *mummer* is denied to the *man*. There is no reason why an honorable profession like the *Histrionic Art* should not have more followers who have received some decent qualification, if not *scholastic*, to illustrate the noblest triumphs of human wit. The elder Booth, Garrick, Kemble, and many more of the past, and the late J. B. Booth, Forrest, Conway, Charles Kean, Roberts, Burton, J. M. Field, Brougham, Richings and others, of the present, are deeply learned and well-read gentlemen. Mr. Clark, the subject of this sketch, though not a classical scholar, is possessed of a liberal education, and is a close student; of this gentleman we expect much. His life thus far has not been marked with any peculiar events—though his genius, talent, education, and studious habits, indicate a high round in the dramatic ladder. He was born in Baltimore, Md., in 1832. In 1851 he abandoned the mercantile business, to which he was apprenticed, and adopted the stage, making his first appearance on the boards at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, as *Frank Hardy* in *Paul Pry*. In 1852 he became a member of the Chesnut Street Company, Philadelphia, then under the management of the efficient and able stage

director, Mr. W. S. Fredericks. Here Mr. C. first attracted the notice of the critics, and acquired great popularity in second low comedy, and what is technically termed "little bits." In the fall of 1854 he filled the position of "first low comedian" at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, and became a tremendous favorite. We next find him in New York, where he first appeared at the Metropolitan Theatre, under the management of Mr. J. H. Hackett, in May 1855, as *Dickory* in the *Spectre Bridegroom*. His success was complete; his performance eliciting warm commendation from the critics of the *New York Herald* and other journals. He is now "leading low comedian" at Wheatley's Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, enjoying a popularity unequalled and nightly augmenting. His performance of *Paul Patent*, in *Love in Livery*, is a most amusing and droll delineation, and quite original. With study and application, Mr. Clark is destined to occupy a still more enviable position.

"THE MAJOR."

C O S T U M E .

LORD SPARKLE—Green Swiss valet's coat, braided—tight black pantaloons—and Hessian boots.

FRANK HOWARD—Blue dress coat and trousers—white waistcoat.

PAUL—*First dress*—Livery. *Second dress*—Very tight fashionably cut trousers—white waistcoat—black dress coat.

VIOLET—Pink striped silk dress.

LOUISE—Flowered muslin.

MARY & SUSAN—The same.

S C E N E R Y .

SCENE 1.—Lord Sparkle's dressing-room, in 1.

" 2.—Handsome chamber with folding doors, backed by garden in 4 and 5.

" 3.—Same as 1st.

" 4.—Same as 2d.

P R O P E R T I E S .

SCENE 1.—Table C., with toilet-glass and bell on—2 chairs.

" 2.—Tables R. and L.—chairs and sofa—foot stool—flower vases—bell—writing materials—handsome volumes, &c., on tables.

" 3.—Written letter on salver for Thomas—Paul's coat ready L. for Thomas.

" 4.—Furniture as in Scene 2—torpedoes for prompter—visiting card on salver for servant.

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LOVE IN LIVERY.

SCENE I.—*Lord Sparkle's Dressing-room.*

LORD SPARKLE *just completing his toilet, L. H., in the costume of a Swiss Valet.*

LORD S. It's plaguy strange, now, that any woman should have the power to transform me into a footman! And she loses by it, too—for she was mistress of a *Lord* before—now she's only mistress of a *lacquey*. Where's my plague, Paul, I wonder? Here, Paul! (*Knocking without. Throws cloak round him.*)

Enter SERVANT, L. H.

SERV. Mr. Howard, my lord.

Enter FRANK HOWARD. (*Exit* SERVANT, L. H.)

How. Good day, Tom!

LORD S. Good day, Frank!

How. Why, Tom, you're cloaked as if you were going to ramble up the Alps. May I ask the meaning of this wintry garb in July? if it isn't a new dressing gown!

LORD S. You remember my mentioning to you a scheme for winning the pretty Countess Violet?

How. I recollect something about it—but it was so exquisitely absurd, that I thought I had dreamt it, or you were joking.

LORD S. Does this look like a joke? (*Throwing off cloak.*)

How. I protest, more like a joke than ever. Prithee, Tom, throw off that masking foolery, and, if you like the woman, make love to her in your proper character.

LORD S. The Countess is one of the most romantic women in Europe. The ruse will take her in a fashion after her own heart. You don't know her——

How. I know her for one of the proudest women in Switzerland, and the least likely in the world to fall in love with

her own footman—and how such a stupid idea ever entered your head, I cannot conceive.

LORD S. I think it emanated in you; we are two opposites. It is a matter of necessity, Frank, as well as romance. I can get no introduction to her. The old men won't introduce me through prudence—the young ones through jealousy—so, with my hearty thanks to them all, I'll introduce myself.

HOW. Confound me, if I'd put on that jacket, if you threw all the Duchesses into the bargain.

LORD S. Then I wish with all my soul you may marry a milkmaid. But, come—though you laugh at the road I travel, wish me safe at my journey's end.

HOW. With all my heart!

LORD S. I am not known in the neighborhood by sight. Now I can't be absent without leaving some one to represent me, in case of accident. I've chosen one who I think possesses fidelity, though sadly deficient in everything else—my most incomprehensibly clumsy blockhead, Paul.

HOW. (*Laughing.*) Impossible!

LORD S. Fact! now all I ask of you, is that you will look in now and then, to see that he commits no very glaring folly.

HOW. Fortune speed you! Good bye—and I say, Tom, mind you attend to your duties, and bring away a good character. [*Exit L. H.*]

LORD S. Ha, ha! Good bye, Frank. Now for the new Lord Sparkle. (*Rings bell on table, L.*)

Enter PAUL PATENT, R. H.

PAUL. Did you ring, sir?

LORD S. Ring, sir! Where the deuce have you been, sir, for the last half hour?

PAUL. I've been trying to come the lord a little in the kitchen, and I rather think I gave 'em a touch of nobility.

LORD S. Now just excuse me, Paul—I wanted you to look as bright as you could to-day, and hang me if you don't look more stupid than ever.

PAUL. Didn't I tell you, I'd been trying to come the lord?

LORD S. Sir! But just turn round a little, and let's look at you. (*PAUL turning round.*)

LORD S. (*Laughing.*) No—I can't put my coat upon such a figure as that!

PAUL. Yes, I think the figure's a cut above the common run of nobility. I don't recollect ever seeing such legs as

these under a lord's table ; but, I dare say, when I get on my quality clothes, I can manage to disguise 'em.

LORD S. I pray you, friend Paul, for my reputation's sake, disguise them and yourself as much as you possibly can. If you could procure a wig to hide that horrible red head of yours, it would be as well.

PAUL. Hide this head, my lord ? the envy of whole parishes ? though my last mistress had the impudence to tell me to get out of her sight, or my hair would tan her.

LORD S. Have you tried on the clothes I gave you ?

PAUL. I have—and uncommon like a lord I looked. They're a trifle tight in one or two immaterial places—I can't get a very fair view at my feet, and——

LORD S. They'll do very well. Now, remember the cellar will be at your command. But if you dare to get intoxicated, you are no longer a servant of mine.

PAUL. By-the-bye, I shall thank your lordship to explain to the things in the kitchen, that I shall require a lot of respect—and please be very particular with the *women*.

LORD S. I'll discharge the first that disobeys you. And remember, should you happen by any chance to see me, beware you don't recognize me.

PAUL. My nobility will be particularly short-sighted.

LORD S. I shall leave the same order with all the servants.

PAUL. I'll take care, my lord.

LORD S. If any letters come for me, attend to them yourself, if you can—if not, take them to my friend Howard. But if you play any tricks with my name or reputation, I'll break every bone in your skin.

PAUL. All care shall be taken of your lordship's reputation that it deserves.

LORD S. You shall be no loser by it. Now go and dress at once. You'll see me in a week—(*Aside*)—for if I can't win a woman in that time, she must be made of something devilish tough indeed ! My cloak ! (PAUL puts on LORD S.'s cloak. *Exit* LORD S., R. H.)

PAUL. Good bye, my lord. Hilloa ! what's that ? Good bye, my lord ! I ought to say, "How d'ye do, my lord ? happy to make your lordship's acquaintance." (*Shaking hands with himself*.) "Can I offer your lordship anything to drink ?" (*Affectedly*.) Yes—and the sooner the better. I'm to consult my nobility about getting drunk. I'll consult it while I'm getting dressed. In the mean time, I'll take the

smallest bottle I can find, that I mayn't get drunk before the consultation comes off. This way, my lord. Will your lordship go first? (*Drawing himself up affectedly.*) Yes. Shall I follow your lordship? Yes. [*Exit R. H.*]

SCENE II.—*The Countess Violet's Apartment, opening on a garden. Chairs, Tables, R. and L. H. Vases on them. Ottoman c. and two stools.*

VIOLET *discovered, c., seated, reading.*

VIO. (*After a pause.*) This is positively the most tedious book! (*Throwing it down and sighing.*) Ah, I certainly don't find so much pleasure in being a widow as I expected. It was decidedly pleasant at first. Perhaps I've tried it rather too long. It is now—what? eighteen months since I lost the poor, dear, ridiculous old Count—(*Rising*)—and, heaven's grace, I am twenty to-morrow. I have lovers enough—but then my hand is scarcely my own—and what my foolish departed husband could mean by leaving me under the control of an old English lord, and thereby prevent my marrying but at his good pleasure, at the risk of my fortune, I can't conceive. I have the reputation of being proud—at all hazards, I am too proud to ask any man's consent in the disposal of my hand, and too proud to bring any man my person only as a dowry, so my chances of marriage are, I fear, trifling.

Enter LOUISE, L. H.

LOU. A young man, madam, has applied for the situation of footman to your ladyship.

VIO. And his appearance——

LOU. Charming, madam! His dress is lovely, and his face and figure, madam—if they ain't beautiful!

VIO. You can commend him in his own society, girl—what can his face and figure be to me? I will speak to him.

LOU. Yes, madam. (*Aside.*) I'll lay my best cap she'll engage him without a character. [*Exit L. H.*]

VIO. Now to be bored by some great clown or other—for I suspect Louise's ideas of a beautiful face and figure are a pair of moustache and six feet. (*Sits.*)

Enter LOUISE and LORD SPARKLE, L. H.

LOU. This way, young man—don't be timid.

LORD S. (*Aside.*) How lovely she is!

VIO. (*Aside.*) Come, the girl has more taste than I gave her credit for. So, young man, you wish to enter my service?

LORD S. I seek such honor, madam.

VIO. From the Tyrol, by your dress?

LORD S. You are right, madam.

VIO. And your name?

LORD S. (*Aside.*) 'Pon my life I forgot that! (*Aloud.*) My name, madam, is Fidelio.

VIO. Have you any letters to speak in your favor?

LORD S. No, madam—'tis my first service.

VIO. It is rarely the custom to receive servants on their own report—but your appearance bars any suspicion—and, trusting that you will not forfeit my good opinion, I take you at once into my service.

LOU. (*Aside.*) Of course—I knew that!

LORD S. Madam, I thank you.

VIO. Louise, here, will instruct you in your duties, and will see that you receive what you require. (*Sits herself.*)

LORD S. (*Aside.*) She must give me her mistress then!

LOU. I can see all this very clearly. Fidelio, your place is there. (*Pointing to the side.*) And here you must stand till you're wanted, d'ye hear? [*Exit L. H.*]

LORD S. (*Aside.*) Very monumental employment! How lovely she looks!

VIO. (*Aside.*) Now do I *feel* that that fellow's eyes are fixed on me. I hate to be stared at, especially Oh, this is positively provoking. Fidelio!

LORD S. (*Running to her.*) Madam!

VIO. Hem! reach me that stool.

LORD S. Yes, madam. (*Places stool for her, and sits at her feet, L. C.*)

VIO. Sir! remember your place——

LORD S. 'Tis here, madam.

VIO. What, at my feet?

LORD S. Yes, madam—it is the custom of the Tyrol. (*Aside.*) I think that's where I come from. (*Aloud.*) But if I offend——

VIO. There is no offence in a supposed duty—but in my service you must forget such duties as soon as possible.

LORD S. Such a duty, madam, to such a mistress, can never be forgotten.

VIO. Well, remain as you are for the novelty of the thing, this once.

LORD S. (*Aside.*) The custom of the Tyrol will do!

VIO. What were you saying, Fidelio?

LORD S. I was saying, madam, that I never saw so lovely a foot.

VIO. Is it a custom in the Tyrol, too, for a servant to compliment his mistress's feet as well as kneel at them?

LORD S. It is a servant's perquisite, madam, in the Tyrol.

VIO. Indeed! the perquisite being of so agreeable an order, may I ask the salary given for such service?

LORD S. All we serve for, madam, in the Tyrol, is *love*.

VIO. It must be a profitable situation then.

LORD S. Above all profit, madam. The wages of a Tyrolean servant are a smile a day—and, would you credit it, madam, a kiss at the close of every week?

VIO. And perhaps, if you had the first week's wages in advance, it would be an advantage.

LORD S. (*Rising.*) I shall be happy, madam, to take that advantage of you. (*Offering to kiss her.*)

VIO. It is time, sir, to remind you of your position and mine—and to caution you, that though I have spoken thus lightly with you, the next attempt to address me in the same tone and terms will ensure your dismissal. To your place, sir.

LORD S. The custom of the Tyrol won't do this time? (*Retires up, L. H.*)

VIO. (*Aside.*) Come, he has the grace to be silent. Now he's gone up there to stare at me again. The fellow's given me the fidgets. Fidelio!

LORD S. Madam!

VIO. Hem! you have never been in service before?

LORD S. No, madam.

VIO. By your appearance, your life has hitherto been a very easy one?

LORD S. As easy, madam, as freedom and pleasure could make it. But, trust me, service to you will be far easier than any freedom.

VIO. Again, sir! Be careful! You'd better leave the room, I think.

LORD S. Confound her pride! once alarmed, it will be rather difficult to lull again. (*Retires up.*)

VIO. (*Aside.*) My new gentleman is rather presuming—I must put a stop to it. Fidelio, I shall walk awhile in the garden. (*Rising.*)

LORD S. I shall attend you, madam. (*Throws open door at back—she walks towards it—he offers his arm.*) Will you allow me, madam?

VIO. (*Drawing back haughtily.*) Sir, this is beyond belief—

LORD S. (*Aside.*) 'Gad, I forgot! (*Aloud.*) Your pardon, madam, it is the custom in the Tyrol.

VIO. Keep such customs, then, for the Tyrol—and beware, sir, lest your freedom be deemed impertinence, and receive its reward. Learn the duties of a servant, and let me counsel you, observe them. (*Stamps angrily, and exit c.*)

LORD S. Even her foot's in a passion! Well, thanks to the Tyrol, and its customs, and thanks to my own imprudence, I spoilt it all as fast as I did it. But, my sweet Countess, the hours of your widowhood are numbered—for if I don't win and wear you before the week's out, may I never get a smile from the sex again. [*Exit L. H.*]

SCENE III.—*Lord Sparkle's Apartment.*

Enter PAUL, R. H., in Lord Sparkle's clothes, and brocaded dressing gown.

PAUL. It strikes me they put the strongest stuff into the smallest bottles, for I've certainly only emptied *one* bottle—and the bottle was a little bottle—and I feel in a very fit state to play the devil with my nobility. Now I suppose I ought to feel like a lord, but if I had a very confidential friend here, I should tell him that though my dignity fits me extremely well, my clothes don't. It's a regular Court suit, too—but it feels to me like a suit of *court plaister*. I shall never be able to sit down in 'em.

Enter THOMAS, with a letter, L. H.

THOM. Here's a letter for his lordship—

PAUL. Whose lordship, blockhead?

THOM. Oh I forgot—*your* lordship.

PAUL. Think before you speak, Thomas, in future. Give it

me. I'm afraid you haven't washed your hands this morning, Thomas. Don't let this happen again, or you will get the sack, Thomas. (*Recollecting.*) I mean, you'll quit my service, Thomas. Go and cleanse, you dirty vagabond!

THOM. (*Aside.*) He's going mad, I think. [*Exit L. H.*]

PAUL. I hope my friend writes a good hand, or I shall be bothered. (*Reads.*) "To the Right Honorable Lord Thomas Sparkle." Ah, that's me! "My dear son." Oh, from the governor! "I have just heard that you are in the neighborhood of a ward of mine—the Countess De—— De——" Ah, never mind—it is a Countess. "She is young and very beautiful. Now, Tom, you could not make choice of a nobler lady, even in England. It is my wish that you make her an immediate offer of your hand. In haste—your affectionate father."—What's to be done? I can't find him, that's certain. Don't know where he is. He told me if any letters came, to attend to 'em myself if I could—and I suppose I can make love to a woman. Though she is a Countess, I suppose she's something like other women. Besides, I shall get the affair in such a beautiful state of forwardness when I hand it over to him, he'll double my wages. I'll go at once. Thanks to the little bottle, I'm just in the humor. Thomas! His lordship's coat Thomas!

Enter THOMAS, with coat, L. H.

Now, Thomas—will you assist his lordship? (*THOMAS helps him off with dressing gown.*) Gently—gently—you rough creature! I'm not used to such things. Now the coat, Thomas——

THOM. Here it is, Paul—my lord! (*Helps him in on with it.*)

PAUL. Didn't I tell you to think before you spoke? send in the rest of my servants. (*Exit THOMAS, R. H.*) I must let them know formally that I'm going out for the day, or the wretches might fancy I was too drunk to get home—they do have the oddest ideas——

Enter three or four MALE SERVANTS, MARY AND SUSAN, L. H., tittering.

Let me know when you've quite done laughing. You'll oblige me by remembering that I am no longer in the menial situation I blush to have ever been in. And you, female women, will oblige me by forgetting to remember any little attention I may have been low-minded enough to pay you.

MARY. (*Aside.*) The wretch!

SUS. (*Aside.*) The viper!

MARY. (*Running to him.*) Dear Paul, you won't desert me! remember the many times you——

PAUL. Off, woman! you're a chambermaid. Hence to your region of bolsters and blankets, and be smothered!

SUS. That's right, Paul—she's not your dear, but when I speak——

PAUL. Hence, woman! you're a cook. Off to your regions of grease and gravy, and be basted. I know nothing about your honesty.

THOM. Come, Paul, this is coming it rather too strong.

PAUL. Paul, sir? Paul! Who do you mean by Paul? One of your blackguard associates, I suppose.

THOM. Precisely so.

PAUL. Is there any Paul here, sir? Go to the devil, sir, and take Paul with you! How dare you interrupt me, sir? I said I don't know much about your honesty—no more I do—so, to prevent mischief, all of you come with me, and get the carriage ready directly.

THOM. Well, I suppose we must do it.

PAUL. Suppose, you villain! Do I pay you your abominably extortionate wages for you to suppose?

THOM. (*As they exeunt.*) Oh, shan't he suffer for this!

[*All exeunt but PAUL, MARY and SUSAN, L. H.*]

PAUL. Plagued with servants! Well, what are you stopping for?

SUS. (*Turning sharply to MARY.*) Yes, madam—what are you stopping here for?

MARY. I wish to speak to his lordship.

PAUL. Very properly answered. Now, Miss—what are you stopping for?

SUS. I want to speak to *you*, Paul Patent—who has promised to marry me a hundred times, and who thinks because he's thrown off his old clothes, he can throw off his old words—but I can tell him I *won't* be made a fool of!

MARY. Perhaps there's no necessity to make you one, ma'am.

SUS. Take care I don't spoil your wit, ma'am!

(*From this point to the end of the Scene to be spoken very rapidly.*)

MARY. Take care I don't spoil your beauty, ma'am!

PAUL. (*Aside.*) Thank heaven, they've begun—I'm pretty safe!

SUS. It strikes me you're a creature, ma'am!

MARY. Take care nothing else strikes you, ma'am!

SUS. I don't wonder, ma'am, at your being so free with your words, seeing how free you are with your lips, ma'am.

MARY. What do you know about my lips, ma'am.

SUS. Not so much as Thomas, I dare say, ma'am

MARY. I'll pull your hair out of curl, I promise you, ma'am!
(*Goes up to her.*)

PAUL. Oh, this won't do. Women, I can't have this disturbance in the building. I shall ring the bell——

MARY & SUS. How dare you interfere?

SUS. You upstart—insignificant——

PAUL. Will you be quiet, you little devils?

MARY. Go, sir—do—go! (*Both striking him.*)

SUS. & MARY. (*Following and beating him.*) There—you hideous three-cornered little tyrant—there!

PAUL. I wish his lordship was in his own clothes, now! Get off, you two vixens! (*They beat him off R. H. squabbling and scuffling.*)

SCENE IV.—*The Countess Violet's Chamber, as before.*

LORD SPARKLE *discovered on the ottoman.*

LORD S. I may make a very respectable lord—in fact, I think I do, but I certainly am the most bungling lacquey in or out of livery that ever filled a glass. (*LOUISE sings without.*) Ha! here comes that pert little hussey, her maid. I'll be sworn she's marvelling strangely that I don't make love to her. By-the-bye, she might assist me—besides, 'twill pass the time.

Enter LOUISE, L. H.

LOU. (*Aside.*) Oh, he's here! When a fellow-servant is tolerably good-looking, and does the agreeable to me, I generally contrive to serve him—when he doesn't, I generally contrive to serve him out. Now here's a very strong case. This fellow's very handsome, and he hasn't opened his lips to me!

LORD S. What the plague's she chattering to herself about, I wonder? Hem?

LOU. Ah! you here! I say, young fellow—do you know you're very clumsy? We are used to something better, I can assure you.

LORD S. I shall improve under your instruction, child.

LOU. No, man—you are much too stupid for me to instruct.

LORD S. I am willing to learn from such a pretty teacher—though we should forget our lesson, I fear, and fall into another subject.

LOU. What subject, Mr. Impudence?

LORD S. One I fancy we should be both more at home with—love!

LOU. So you're going to make love to me, are you?

LORD S. Let me recommend a large stock I have on hand ready made.

LOU. I don't like things ready made—and I dare say you are ready enough to swear you love me.

LORD S. Quite! I do swear it! (*COUNTESS VIOLET enters behind, c.*)

LOU. Well, what will you swear by?

LORD S. I'll swear by anything you think the safest.

LOU. Oh, come, I'm in no danger yet, Mr. *Safe*.

LORD S. Well, I swear by my honesty.

LOU. I don't think you could swear by a more trifling affair than that.

LORD S. Oh, yes—I might have sworn by yours.

LOU. Well, I declare! (*Aside.*) He's no such fool though!

LORD S. However, I swear by those two red lips—will that do?

LOU. Yes—but isn't it necessary when one swears to kiss the book?

LORD S. You're right, dear! (*Kisses her—VIOLET comes forward—they start back.*)

VIO. This is monstrous! So, sir—this is the custom in the Tyrol too, I suppose.

LORD S. Yes, madam—if you'll allow me——

VIO. It is not the custom of my house—at least not to my knowledge—though from Louise's aptness, it may have been. You will return to the Tyrol, sir, if you feel disposed——

LORD S. I assure you, madam, 'twas a harmless frolic only. (*Aside.*) Ah, my unlucky stars!

LOU. Yes, madam, very harmless, as far as I am concerned. It was only an experiment. I always try the disposition of new servants, madam, that I may know how to treat them afterwards.

VIO. Very possibly you do—but you try no more in my house. As for you, sir, you have repaid my confidence well, have you not? but I might have guessed as much. You leave my service to-morrow morning.

LORD S. (*Aside.*) Discharged in three hours! My dear Howard, you were very right—I'll carry her off to-night.

VIO. You can leave the room——

LOU. Please, madam, I don't think he did kiss me quite.

VIO. If anything makes a bad affair worse, 'tis an attempted and lame defence. We will talk no more of this at present. I hear a carriage—see who it is. (*LOUISE runs to window, c.*)

LOU. La, madam! it's a strange carriage—with grooms on horseback. I never saw it before—chocolate lined with crimson.

LORD S. Eh?

LOU. And such a glaring coat of arms on it—and two such lovely cream-colored horses.

LORD S. (*Aside.*) The devil there are! (*Goes up to window.*)

VIO. I know none such. Whose can it be?

LORD S. (*Aside.*) Your discharged valet's! my coach and horses, as I breathe! Now whose infernal audacity is this? It must be a trick of Howard's to stop this freak.

Enter SERVANT, L. H., hands card to VIOLET.

VIO. (*Reading.*) Lord Sparkle, Revel Hall——

LORD S. (*Aside.*) Oh, Lord Sparkle, is it? who the devil am I, then?

VIO. (*Aside.*) The son of Lord Rackington, my guardian—of whom I have heard so much. Admit his lordship. (*Exit SERVANT, L. H.*) Fidelio, remain here to receive his lordship. Louise, no more experiments, if you please.

LOU. No, madam. [*Exit VIOLET and LOUISE, R. H.*]

LORD S. It strikes me I shall quarrel with Frank. (*Sits and reads—his back towards entrance.*) I'll not notice him, he may take his oath of that.

Enter SERVANT, introducing PAUL, L. H.

SERV. My Lord Sparkle——

[*Exit L. H.*]

PAUL. Well, that's manners, is it, to holloa out a fellow's name, and then cut out of the room without so much as handing a chair or hanging up his hat. But I'm a lord—and I'll let 'em know it, Where's a bell? Ha, there's a servant. I'll astonish 'em a little. (*Calls loudly.*) Now, young man. (*Slapping him on the back.*)

LORD S. (*Starting up, and rushing forward.*) Paul!

PAUL. The devil!

LORD S. Confound that eternally blundering head of yours! what on earth brought you here? Answer me, or I'll shake you dumb. (*Collars him.*)

PAUL. Your lordship's creams. (*Aside.*) I will have my lark out, in spite of him. I came to make love to the Countess Thingumy—what's her name?

LORD S. Have you been drinking?

PAUL. It's a positive fact I did a little—but may I ask what your lordship's doing here?

LORD S. I'll tell you what I shall do here directly, and that is, fling you out of the window. Tell me, sir, at once, what brought you here?

PAUL. Very well, sir—just after you——

Enter LOUISE, R. H.

LOU. Fidelio, you're to go and see after his lordship's carriage and servants. Now, run—don't stand fidgetting there.

PAUL. (*Aside*) Who's she talking to?

LORD S. (*Aside.*) This is amusing. I shall have to groom my own horses, I suppose.

LOU. Now, are you going?

LORD S. Oh yes—I'm going.

PAUL. Why don't you go?

LORD S. (*Aside.*) But I'll very soon make my way back!
[Exit, L. H.]

LOU. I'm afraid your lordship has been bothered with that clumsy fellow——

PAUL. Yes, he did bother me a little. I say, where did you pick him up?

LOU. The Countess engaged him this morning, my lord. He came from the Tyrol.

PAUL. The Tyrol! ah, in Australia somewhere! I say, couldn't you manage to keep him down stairs? By-the-bye, have you had your dinner?

LOU. No, my lord.

PAUL. I suppose your mistress—hem, generally asks drop-pers in to stop, eh?

LOU. She will be very proud of your lordship's company, I'm sure.

PAUL. She shall have it. Is she dressing? I hope she's not doing anything extra on my account.

LOU. She is here, my lord.

PAUL. (*Aside.*) I wonder how a Swiss Countess looks. I don't feel very comfortable—I'd rather stay with the maid.

Enter VIOLET, R. H.

VIO. Welcome, my lord, to my poor chateau.

PAUL. (*Bowing extravagantly.*) Thank you, madam—I hope you're pretty well, madam. (*Aside.*) I should like to know what to do with my hat? I'd better leave it on my head—it's out of the way there.

VIO. (*Aside.*) What an uncouth creature it is! (*Aloud.*) I trust you have left my guardian, your noble father, well?

PAUL. (*Aside.*) My noble father! ah, ah, I forgot. I think she's beginning to bother me. (*Aloud.*) Yes, ma'am—much obliged—the governor's all right. (*Aside.*) I wonder if I ought to ask after her family—it isn't worth while, perhaps.

Enter LORD SPARKLE, L. H.

And now, ma'am, I'll tell you what brought me here.

LORD S. (*Aside.*) Aye, let's hear that!

VIO. Not till you have taken some refreshment. I trust your lordship will do me the honor of dining with me.

PAUL. With all the pleasure possible, ma'am.

LORD S. (*Aside.*) Curse his impudence—I shall have to wait on my own valet!

VIO. But I beg your lordship ten thousand pardons—I forgot you were standing. (*Aside.*) How strange, he persists in keeping his hat on.

PAUL. Don't mention it, ma'am. I was looking out for a chair, though.

VIO. Fidelio! chairs, here—and take his lordship's hat. (*LORD SPARKLE places chair for VIOLET—and one for PAUL, in which himself sits, and draws close to VIOLET.*)

PAUL. Hilloa, you sir—come out of that chair! (*Pulls him out.*)

LORD S. (*Aside to PAUL.*) You shall remember this! (*PAUL attempts to seat himself, but the tightness of his clothes prevents him—after several trials, he manages to do so.*)

PAUL. I say, ma'am—you've got a very clumsy servant here.

VIO. Never heed him, my lord—I have discharged him for his misconduct this morning.

PAUL. (*Aside.*) Discharged! misconduct! capital! (*He tries to smother his laughter.*)

LORD S. (*Aside.*) Damn the fellow! he's enjoying it!

VIO. Didn't I tell you to take his lordship's hat, Fidelio?

LORD S. (*Aside.*) Yes—and his lordship's head shall go with it in two minutes!

PAUL. Here, Fiddler—take my hat! (LORD SPARKLE takes his hat off, and pulls his ear—PAUL cries out again.)

PAUL. Really, ma'am, this man of yours is the clumsiest—

VIO. You had better leave the room, I think, Fidelio!

PAUL. Yes, Fiddler—you had better leave the room. What queer names these servants have, ma'am! Fiddler may be a very good name, but I think Paul a better.

VIO. Call him what you please, my lord. But I haven't heard from your noble father since my poor husband's death—

LORD S. (*Aside.*) I don't suppose you have!

PAUL. I'm very sorry for that, ma'am. It was very wrong in the governor not to write—but he's a careless old file!

LORD S. (*Aside—to PAUL.*) I'll not leave you a whole bone in your skin!

PAUL. (*Aside—to LORD S.*) Keep quiet, you sir! (*Aloud.*) And how long may your husband have been dead, ma'am?

VIO. Eighteen months, my lord.

PAUL. Ah, he must be very dead indeed by this time. Niceish sort of man, ma'am?

VIO. (*Aside.*) This is a strange specimen of English nobility. (*Aloud.*) He was quite as good as I deserved, my lord.

PAUL. Then he must have been an out-and-outer, ma'am. (*Aside.*) Come, I have done a compliment.

LORD S. How can I stop this infernal fellow's tongue!—(*VIOLET drops her handkerchief.*)

VIO. I beg your lordship's pardon—

PAUL. (*Aside.*) What for, I wonder?

VIO. May I trouble you, my lord?

PAUL. Oh, pick it up—with pleasure, ma'am—(*Tries to stoop, but cannot, on account of his clothes.*)—if I can, that is. (*Aside.*) These cursed things—it's not to be done—Do you want it very particularly, ma'am?

VIO. (*Hardly repressing her laughter.*) I'm concerned to trouble your lordship, but if—

PAUL. Oh, certainly, ma'am—if you want it—(*Tries again, but fails—LORD SPARKLE laughs.*)

VIO. Fidelio!

PAUL. Oh, *he's* there, is he? What am I troubling myself about for? Here, Fiddler! Paul, you rascal—come and pick this up.

VIO. Fidelio, will you attend to his lordship's orders?

LORD S. To yours, madam. (LORD SPARKLE *picks up the handkerchief*.)

VIO. And now, my lord, I shall be glad to know to what I owe the honour of this visit?

LORD S. (*Aside*.) So shall I!

PAUL. (*Aside*.) I wish she'd let that alone till after dinner—for the game's certainly up, when that's out! (*Aloud*.) Certainly, ma'am—but I hope I am not interfering with the dinner hour—

VIO. By no means, my lord. There is yet half an hour—

PAUL. (*Aside*.) Time enough to be kicked out now before dinner! I'll give her the letter. (*Aloud*.) The fact is, ma'am, this letter will let you into a move of the governor's.

LORD S. (*Aside*.) A letter! What the deuce can all this be about?

PAUL. I hope she won't be making love at once, or he'll understand it all!

VIO. I am honored, my lord, by your father's preference, but—(*Aside*.) Marry him! No, the footman behind my chair would be more welcome—and so vanish all my hopes!

LORD S. "Honored—father's preference!" Oh! I can't allow this to go on any longer!

VIO. (*Rising*.) My lord, excuse my freedom; but it would be most culpable to deceive you. As a friend, my doors are ever open to you—none more welcome than yourself; but—pardon me, I can never be your wife.

LORD S. (*Aside to PAUL*.) Why, you impudent vagabond, you're never offering her your hand?

PAUL. (*Aside to LORD S.*) Yes; I am doing it for you!

LORD S. (*Aside to PAUL*.) And I'll do for you, you rascal! At all hazards, I will know the meaning of this. (*Aloud*.) Madam, this absurd masquerade must proceed no further. I am Lord Sparkle, and that fellow's my rascal of a valet.

VIO. What?

PAUL. (*Aside*.) I shall lose a glorious dinner if I give in. He can't prove it—I'll stand him out!

VIO. Is this true, sir?

LORD S. Let him deny it, confound him!

PAUL. I do deny it. Are there no means of telling a lord

from a lacquey ? What does he here in that dress, if he's me, ma'am ?

LORD S. (*Rushing at him.*) You barefaced rascal, I'll strangle you ! (*PAUL crosses to R.*)

VIO. Stop, sir—I command you. There appears to be some mystery here ; but the truth can soon be ascertained. I cannot doubt his lordship, here. Ring that bell !

LORD S. Certainly, madam, at your command. (*He rings the bell.*)

Enter SERVANT, L. H.

VIO. Let Lord Sparkle's servants come up here. (*Exit SERVANT, L. H.*)

LORD S. (*Aside.*) That'll do. It's lucky they came, or I couldn't so easily prove it.

PAUL. (*Aside.*) That's prime ! He told 'em himself, if they recognized him till he came home again, he would discharge them.

Enter SERVANT, with SERVANTS, L. H.

VIO. You will have the kindness to point out your master, Lord Sparkle.

SERV. (*Pointing to PAUL.*) There he is, ma'am——

VIO. I thought as much. You may go.

LORD S. Why, you lying rascals—do you dare to say you don't know your own master ?

THOM. (*Aside.*) We'll stick to it for you, my lord ! Never saw you before !

LORD S. (*Aside.*) What's to be done ? They will stick to this. I forgot I told them to do so.

VIO. (*To LORD S.*) If I were to treat you as you deserve, sir, I should order these honest men to horsewhip you into the road. It depends upon his lordship whether I shall do so or not.

LORD S. (*Aside.*) This is devilish agreeable ! I shouldn't wonder if he said yes.

PAUL. I think he would be a trifle the better for it, ma'am—but let him go.

VIO. For your escape, sir, you may thank his lordship.

LORD S. (*Aside.*) Oh, damn his lordship ! Madam, I see it is hopeless to endeavor to convince you ; and as for that double rascal there—whom I always took to be the veriest fool on earth—he turns out to be a bit of a rogue. I came here

in disguise, simply to be near you—I saw and loved you, and could only gain admittance to your house by stratagem.

PAUL. I ask anybody—does he look as if he was telling the truth?

VIO. I cannot believe this romance, sir——

LORD S. I pledge you my honor——

PAUL. (*Aside.*) The honor of a valet! I tried to pledge mine once, but could get nothing on it.

Enter SERVANT, L. H.

SERV. Mr. Howard, madam!

LORD S. I pray you admit him, madam; he is a friend of mine, and will clear every thing.

VIO. Admit him.

PAUL. (*Aside.*) I'm doubled up, and put by!

Enter SERVANT, with FRANK HOWARD, L. H.

HOW. My dear Tom! (*Shakes hands with LORD S.*)

LORD S. Frank, you never came more seasonably. Ten to one, I should have been kicked out of the house! I have been disowned by my servants, and bullied out of my name by that scoundrel, there. Confess your abominations, or I'll strangle you! (*Crosses, and seizes PAUL.*)

PAUL. Oh—oh—I confess! You're the lord, and I'm the lacquey. There's the letter, sir; read that, and don't ask any thing else.

LORD S. (*Having read the letter.*) This is indeed happiness! I forgive you—this letter makes your peace. Now, dearest madam——

VIO. Lightly won, may be lightly lost—but take me—I am yours.

LORD S. (*Coming forward.*) And now may I beg, for myself and my newly acquired treasure, your kind approval and satisfaction at the manœuvres of LOVE IN LIVERY.

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